

Quiet

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Summary: Hiccup hates quiet. Hiccup loves quiet. Quiet was horrible. Quiet was nice. A moment in Hiccup's childhood life.

Quiet

"Guah!" eight-year old Hiccup yelled, tripping over Snotlout's foot.

"Oops," the buff boy snickered, and walked off with the twins. Fishlegs and Astrid looked at the boy sympathetically before turning around and walking off with the others.

Fishlegs sure wished he could help the boy up, but that would probably get him bullied.

Astrid was just sorry that the boy couldn't defend himself.

Hiccup looked at them, picking himself off the ground. He'd had a crush on Astrid since his second birthday (ever since he turned eight). He was so close to turning nine, because it was January, but already he could tell it was impossible. Every other boy was already almost fully grown and he was the only one who stayed small. He was even shorter than her!

Dad had also told him he'd start to work in the blacksmith's with Gobber in a few weeks. Hiccup already knew why. It was because he was useless. Snotlout said it enough times a day.

Hiccup had outgrown calling him "Daddy" the moment he found out they'd never go fishing again. It was kind of sad, but the other boys had already out grown it long ago.

Hiccup walked to the forest. It was his favorite spot, because he could pretend he was a hero when he jumped over logs and avoided

obstacles when he ran. Nobody came into the forest as much as him, and usually he was left alone.

Once he got far enough away from the village, he would take out his notebook and charcoal pencil. He liked to draw plants and tree. Admittedly, he was a horrible drawer, but he got increasingly better each day.

The hardest part is detail, he got lost in thought, staring at a plant and back to his notebook, trying to draw it perfectly.

It was quiet.

He hated quiet. He loved quiet.

Quiet meant he was alone.

Quiet meant nobody would bully him.

Quiet almost hurt his ears.

Quiet was a relief from the insults that surrounded him in the village.

Quiet made it seem like no one liked him.

Quiet made it seem like there was nobody there to hate him.

Quiet was horrible. Quiet was nice.

Hiccup had mixed feelings about quiet, so instead he started to focus on the twittering of the birds. The croak of the frogs. The lovely cricket sounds that turned it all into a song.

Crack. A twig broke the song, and he could tell some of the critters were starting to run away as their sound got farther away.

Hiccup turned to whatever broke the song, scowling. Now he couldn't be alone in his own sanctuary? (His room didn't count, because his Dad still entered it from time to time. Someday he'd stop though. Hiccup could tell.)

He dropped the scowl as soon as he saw the blond girl he recognized as his crush, Astrid.

She looked at him and cocked her head. He held her stare, wondering if she came alone or not.

She didn't speak. She didn't smile. She had an axe on her right hand. So she waved at him with the left one. Then she kept moving on.

Hiccup, stunned, was still staring at the spot where she'd been. Finally realizing he'd been acknowledged by his crush, he felt himself blush and a small smile formed on his lips. The small smile turned to a giant grin, and he looked down at his notebook.

He added one more line to the plant and promptly shut the book with the pencil in it. He put it in a hidden pocket withing his vest and

stood up.

Hiccup walked home very happy that evening, and even called his his Dad "Daddy" for the first time in weeks.

Stoick had been confused, but nonetheless happy that Hiccup seemed to be cheerful.

Astrid hadn't said anything, and it had been completely silent when she'd waved at him unsmiling. It was probably the happiest memory of his eight year.

Quiet wasn't too bad after all.

End
file.